

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1904.

## BRIEF TRIP DOWN THE LINE IN SPORTLAND

LITTLE AHEAD  
FOR FIGHTERSEnthusiasm Among  
the Fans.Want to See Lively  
Fights Like the Nelson-  
Welch Go.Greenan and McCarthy Must  
Get Up to Please Their  
Local Friends.There is nothing of importance in  
the local fight fans' at-  
tention, and interest in the fight  
game seems to be on the wane.  
Local fight lovers are by no means  
of the sport, but they are clamor-  
ing for some good ones.  
Nelson-Welch fight whetted the  
appetite of the sport-followers and cre-  
ated a demand for more mills of a sim-  
ilar nature.The Clifford-Queenan go has  
been postponed by fight experts, one  
of whom has never pulled  
a fight that did not satisfy the local  
fans. They seem to be tired  
of the sport and demand some new  
ones.The matter with George  
Fairman has been asked  
to fight 100 times during the past  
year. He has come forward with a  
strong answer. Out in this sec-  
tion of the country a man with off-  
hand would have looked upon as  
a man who had been in the ring  
for a long time. The Chicago  
fight turned the trick, the fans  
saying "How did he do it?"The night was the first time that  
the light heavyweight  
weight class had been in the ring  
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U. OF U. ATHLETES EXPECT TO DO THINGS AT THE COMING MEET.

BIG TRACK MEET  
ON SATURDAYState High Schools  
Will Contest.All Hallows College and  
Collegiates May Also  
Enter.Indications Are That Many High  
School Records Will Go  
Glimmering.

ON Saturday next occurs the first annual interstate high school track meet and indications are that many of the interscholastic records will go glimmering. In fact, it is being whispered about that there are some "dark horses" who will do things to the local college records in some of the events. However this may be, it is almost a certainty that many of the high school records will be lowered if weather conditions are favorable.

The meet next Saturday will be the first of its kind ever pulled off in Utah. For some years past the different colleges and universities of the State have met in annual track contests, but never before have the high schools attempted such an event. Some weeks ago a meeting was called and arrangements perfected for a three-cornered meet between the Salt Lake, Ogden and Park City High schools. The date agreed upon was May 14. Later All Hallows college and the Collegiate Institute evinced a desire to participate in the contest and it is likely that these schools will be permitted to enter teams in the meet, as they are really academics and not colleges as their names would imply. Little can be learned concerning the material at hand in Ogden and Park City and for this reason it is rather difficult to get a line on the teams as yet. Both of the above schools are reported to be working hard and each one will be represented by a strong squad of athletes.

At present the local high school appears to have the strongest squad. Under the able direction of Coach Callahan and his assistants the material at the Salt Lake High school is being rounded into form and if the wearers of the red and black are defeated, it will not be on account of their condition. Callahan is as able a coach as there is in the city at present and he can be relied upon to get his men in shape at all times.

There are a number of athletes at the high school who, judging from their present form, will spring more surprises at the coming meet. Richmond can easily do better than twenty feet in the broad jump, there is an unknown who is putting the shot around the forty-foot mark, and several others who are going at a creditable clip. If these men do anywhere near this good in the high school meet, they are almost certain to carry away the honors in their respective events.

It is understood that both All Hallows and the Collegiate Institute have men who will give the other schools a run for the honors. The rivalry between the different schools is intense and the indications are that the meet will be very closely contested throughout.

## RUBBER ROADS IN LONDON.

People Like to Ride Over Them, but  
Their Cost Is Too Great.

The rubber road which was recently laid under the archway at Buckingham palace has proved a splendid success in the estimation of many. Several other private roads in London were also laid with this material and the experiment has brought forth the proposal that London should be made a city of silence by paving the roads with India rubber. It is estimated by experts, however, that the scheme is too costly, as for every square yard of rubber-covered roadway the ratepayers would have to pay \$15.

"Rubber roads are hopeless," said the London manager of an American firm of rubber tapers. "No public authority would ever dare to venture on the initial expense of such a costly undertaking. In spite of the fact that the rubber road last a lifetime. Apart from the cost, however, there is no reason why London's streets should not be rubber paved. However, for one thing could dispense with shoes and heavy traffic does not affect it much. The cement pavement at the Broad street station in Philadelphia, for instance, had to be renewed every two years, but a rubber road laid down ten years ago is still there. Rubber roads, moreover, are sanitary, clean and waterproof."

## Had Intellect on Brain.

A note, written by an anxious mother, to a New England school teacher, reads: "Dear Miss, please do not push Johnny too hard for so much of his brain is intellect that he ought to be held back a good deal or he will run to intellect entirely as I do not desire this. Please hold him back so as to keep his intellect from getting bigger than his body and injuring his life."—Harper's Bazar.

Newspaper Men Who Learned That  
The Bat Is Mightier Than the Pen

ONE pleasing feature of the national pastime heretofore overlooked is the high literary tone pervading the game, says the Philadelphia North American. The field of letters now enjoys greater representation in diamond affairs than at any other period in the history of the sport. No less than eighteen journalists, active and retired, are at present tangled up in the baseball industry.

With all these literary gentlemen at work in a common cause, the game was bound to become elevated to its present lofty standard of excellence and purity. Baseball couldn't help itself under such conditions, and it is pleasing to note that the literati seldom butts into any other sport. Occasionally a gentleman of the press branches out as manager of mixed-league pugilist, but we are glad to know that baseball has the preference.

Of the eighteen honored names we hold in mind no fewer than eight have been such presidents of leagues and clubs. Others poured the ink out of their fountain pens for all time in order to tackle minor jobs, and the rest combine the two sports—baseball and journalism—and thus work in a double day.

Johnson Used to Write.

Take the main squeeze of the whole bunch, Byron Bancroft Johnson, president of the American league. He used to write up Dutch punches at Cincinnati. At that time Ban toiled mainly for exercise, but he managed to pick up enough pretzels on the side while the picnic lasted to keep soul and body together. Now just look at him. He is the big smoke, and the whole country is watching which way it blows. Ban will doubtless be in our midst some time this summer.

President Harry Pulliam of the National league in early life slung several barrels of ink, color not stated, to Louisville daily. To look at him now you never would think Harry used to gallop around at night with a large fire badge skewered to his port suspender. Most fire-chasers hang the badge on the outside of their coat in order to get a reputation. But Harry hid the insignia of genius on his suspender, and only dragged it out through the armholes of his vest when the police held him up at the fire line. The Nationals' president belonged to the modern school of journalism. Smooth work was Harry's motto, and it landed him in the big plush chair all right.

Fire Story by Pulliam.

The literary clubs of Louisville sometimes give public readings of Mr. Pulliam's early word painting and graining efforts. They flowed somewhat in this easy style:

"At 2:55 o'clock yesterday morning dense volumes of smoke were seen issuing from the distillery. An alarm was turned in from box 37, on the southwest corner of Buff and Elm streets, and the brave fire ladders quickly responded. The scene beggared description. While the lurid flames leaped heavenward athwart the murky sky an

aqueous torrent blazed through multitudinous coils of piping and fell in myriad streams upon the raging fiend until the walls collapsed with a deafening crash.

The falling walls, it is said, invariably filled the fountain pen with dust and clinkers, and clogged the ink flow. On that account the future president never did finish a free story, but what does Harry care now?

President John I. Taylor of the champion Boston club owns a newspaper in the city of culture, posts, subways and beans. He had nothing but money, and journalism grew repugnant to him. Funny about that, too. The advent of Mr. Taylor brings another John I. into the game. Sad about the other one being forgotten so soon.

Murnane Used to Play.

President T. H. Murnane of the New England league and his vice-president, secretary and treasurer, Jake Morse, are employed on Boston papers. Both are sporting editors of their respective journals, and never fail to bag a scoop when anything occurs in the New England league. Murnane was a crack professional ball player in his youth.

John H. Farrell, president of the New York State league is connected with the Associated Press at Auburn, N. Y. He can send a dispatch to himself any time he wants to.

Charles Powers, president of the Interstate league, is sporting editor of a Pittsburgh paper.

President Quinlan of the Albany club of the New York State league is employed on a daily paper at Albany, and Manager Thomas Reilly of the Hartford team thinks thoughts for the Meriden Evening Journal.

## Umpires Involved.

This brings us down to the umpire end of the game, which is also involved. W. B. Carpenter, the latest addition to the American league staff, was once an editorial writer on the Taunton, Mass. Evening Times. Having molded public opinion in the past, Mr. Carpenter cannot kick when the public hands it back to him. However, the new arbitrator knows his business, and has no trouble.

Moreover, he has that National league Beau Brummel, Mr. Hank O'Day, skinned forty ways in the matter of neat appearance. Mr. Carpenter's attire is in keeping with his upbringing. He wears a Norfolk jacket and belt, creased trousers, and an air of extreme repose. His voice, too, penetrates to the remote frontiers of the baseball yard.

During the season of 1903 Mr. Carpenter survived the New York State league, where twenty-six umpires blew up. His training in the literary field enabled Mr. Carpenter to endure more hardship than the other fellows. At Rome, N. Y., the patrol wagon always carried the umpire to and from the park, and if the visiting team won the players rode with the umpire in the same wagon for mu-

tual protection. From this we infer the newspaper instinct is still strong in Mr. Carpenter.

The late umpire, Jim Hassett, also dabbled in literature. He wrote for money. James wrote to two leagues at the same time, and learned that the can was mightier than the pen.

Dexter Society Editor.

Carl Green, secretary of the Boston Americans, was for many years a sportswriter in Chicago, and Charles Dana Dexter won reputation as society editor of the Evansville Blotting Pad. Night after night Charles Dana used to sit down in a Tuxedo coat and accordion-pleated hat, and with a short pencil write long stories about "Among those present were the following." "Those seen in the boxes were—"

And, say, don't overlook Red Cross Mike, Monte Cross, Jack Barry and Boy Thomas. During spring practice and on the road these four local players had cockroaches out of the paste pot is something Charles will not divulge himself. And as he seems sincere in the desire to forget his early career it would be unkind to probe the past.

Just the same we are proud of our ex-umpire contemporaries who have escaped, as well as those who are halfway out, and hope some day to see them in our midst.

## ENGLISH NOUNS OF MULTITUDE.

Many Ways of Expressing Number  
Which Baffle Foreigners.

"What a bewildering number of nouns of multitude we have in our language!" remarked the literary man as he sat yesterday in the Franklin Inn club. "The other day the child of a friend of mine illustrated this, as well as the inborn cruelty of youth. He wanted to 'play a game'."

"All right," said his mother. "What is the game?"

"Why, you'll be a poor, little, blind, lame lamb and I'll be a flock of tigers."

"But why?" continued the literary man, "was he wrong? Why should we have to speak only of a host of angels, a troop of porcupines, a herd of buffaloes, a troop of soldiers, a covey of partridges, a galaxy of beauties, a horde of ruffians, a heap of rubbish, a drove of oxen, a mob of blackguards, a school of whales, a congregation of worshippers, a corps of engineers, a band of robbers, a swarm of locusts and a crowd of people?"

"I remember how a Frenchman, a friend of mine, once pointed seaward and remarked: 'See what a flock of ships.' I told him that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and added for his guidance that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack and that a pack of thieves is called a gang."—Philadelphia Press.

"HURRY-UP" YOST  
TALKS ON FOOTBALL

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 29.—When the football rules committee meets to act on possible changes in the rules for next season it will receive suggestions from F. H. Yost, who has coached the University of Michigan with such remarkable success. Mr. Yost is quoted as saying that his suggestions for changes in the rules were as follows: "The most important legislation to be considered by the rules committee is in regard to rule 18, which governs the disposition of the men, this rule should permit the use of either six or seven men on the line of scrimmage between the twenty-five-yard lines. If this rule reads about as follows, it would make a much better game for both spectators and players:

"Six men, at least, must be on the line of scrimmage at all times, but if seven men are on the line of scrimmage between the twenty-five-yard lines, then the first man receiving the ball from the center or snapperback, may carry it beyond the line, provided he goes out kicking, but if he never did, as a team will always try to make its distance if possible when approaching its opponents' goal."

"The value of a field goal should count four points. It is not fair that a side which has made a touchdown should be tied by a team making a field goal, yet a team that has made two field goals should win over one that has scored but one touchdown. The rule stating that if a team attempt a goal from field on first down inside the twenty-five-yard line the opponents must kick out from behind the ten-yard line, which was made to encourage goal kicking, but it never did, as a team will always try to make its distance if possible when approaching its opponents' goal."

## SIMPLE CURE FOR WOUNDS.

Smoking Them With a Woolen Cloth  
Will Prevent Lockjaw.

Every little while we read in the paper that someone has run a rusty nail in his hand or foot or other portion of his body and lockjaw resulted therefrom and that the patient died. If every person was aware of a perfect remedy for such wounds and would apply it then such reports would cease. The remedy is simple, always at hand, can be applied by anyone—what is better, is infallible. It is simply to smoke the wound or any wound that is bruised or inflamed with a woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke will take the pain out of the worst case of inflammation arising from such a wound. People may sneer at this remedy as much as they please, but when they are afflicted with such wounds let them try—Granite (Or.) Gem.

## Got What They Wanted.

Over in the mosquito country an old farmer died. He was reputed to be rich. After his death, however, it was found that he died penniless. His will was very brief, it ran as follows:

"In the name of God, amen. There's only one thing I leave. I leave the earth. My relatives have always wanted that. They can have it. Bill L. Inger.—Philadelphia Press.

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